

## Why Two State Conventions.

There is, or should be, some filling to life other than politics. What with fall and spring state and municipal, township, ward, school, congressional district and national elections and their respective primaries and caucuses and conventions, and only he who makes a business of running or legging for the fellows who are running, can keep up with the racket, unless he is prepared to take every other day or two off to devote to political manipulation. There being no issue or question as to how this state will go on the presidential question, and probably none as to the state ticket, both being merely formal affairs, will somebody tell us why it will be necessary or what sense there is in calling and holding two state conventions, one for nominating state officers and another for naming delegates whom it has been predetermined by the people must vote to renominate McKinley? There may be politics in two state conventions this spring, but surely aside from personal jobs or schemes there can be no sense in two such conventions, especially in the absence of any possible issue or contention over either principles or as to who shall be the nominee. Two state conventions means over and above the extra time and expense two county conventions and two sets of primaries all around. Even the same county convention might with propriety select the delegates to the congressional convention. The truth is the average individual tires of the eternal round of button-holing. If we are mistaken in these suggestions, will some disinterested statesman set us right, for we have no personal ends to conserve. We are suggesting only in the interest of economy in time and money and from the fact that county and senatorial and representative conventions must of a necessity be held later on in the coming fall. A single state convention could just as readily and just as satisfactorily renominate by acclamation the state officers and name the delegates to the national convention, and name the presidential electors as two or three state conventions. Or even if the present state officers, or a part of them, are to be turned down, the additional work of naming national delegates and presidential electors would be no greater. A state convention early in May could settle and satisfactorily all that is to be done. The state central committee, which we suppose is to meet to determine these matters, and at an early day, should in considering them not overlook the convenience of the people, which we think can be done without jeopardizing the claims or interests of anybody, or without, upon the other hand, giving any undue advantage to any one.

## That Chicago Hog Also a Pig.

The odor-proof founder of the Fort at the mouth of Skunk river, on Lake Michigan, probably died unaware that he was inspired. The river, in affording an appropriate name for the town, and which proved the source of that city's advantages as a port, subsequently became its plague. Its name did not belie its character. As a commercial artery Skunk river was all right, but as a sewer receptacle a stinker beyond endurance. In affording convenient unloading sites and wharves it compelled the city to tunnel the lake for something to drink, in addition to numerous other expenses and inconveniences to which it put that people. It finally becoming a question of life or death, a scheme was devised for forcing their redolent stream to run the other way. The proposition was to run this sluggish sewer sluice back through its own source and down into the Illinois river, whereby the stink, which could no longer be endured by so dense a population, would be distributed out to the inhabitants of the state upon a kind of per capita basis. Chicago is nothing if not a schemer, but the expense of loading their filth on the down-state people was too great for either their exchequer or credit. So congress was finally induced to bear the brunt of the burthen under the plea that the extra flow of sewage would not only fatten the fish of the principal stream of the state but contribute to its greater navigability. At an expense of some thirty millions of dollars to the people the proposed sewer was dug through the hills and rock ledges of northern Illinois, and the papers tell us that Chicago river was, day before yesterday, turned and run out to the Mississippi river, instead of through the lakes and over the Falls of Niagara. All this has become history and cannot be helped, and it may not, upon its face, seem to farther concern Kansas or Oklahoma. But it does. The dispatch announcing the opening of the ditch also disclosed the secret that the effort to enlarge it to the proportions of a ship canal is to follow. In other words, Chicago's main sewer is to be converted into a national highway at the expense of the nation, and for both Chicago's sanitary and commercial benefit. This might not concern Kansas and Oklahoma any farther than they may be forced to contribute their proportion as part of the nation to the expense. But in another, it does concern them. This ship canal once constructed and Chicago will not only no longer be subject to eastern lake and railway transportation charges, but having also a Mississippi river and gulf outlet will be forcing Kansas and Oklahoma, which are hundreds of miles nearer the gulf, to send all their grain designed for gulf ports, first to Chicago, that their canal may have something to show for its existence and cost. It is thus that great commercial centers exploit the country for the wherewith to fatten.

## Go Id in the Wichita Mountains.

When it comes to the proposition of gold in the Wichita mountains of Oklahoma—for it's all Oklahoma, or will be—most people are incredulous. Why, we do not know, unless it comes of the conviction that in the Rocky mountain range only is gold to be found in America. But gold is well nigh universal. It can be extracted from the waters of the ocean. It has been found in paying and fortune-making quantities in the sands of Alaska. It has been mined in Georgia for an hundred years, and can be panned from the sands of the Arkansas river. Cooley's letter to the Eagle yesterday morning about the mineral formations and gold deposits found by him in the Wichita mountains is not based upon fakes. That old prospector has no desire to, or interest in fooling anybody. His years of search have been honest ones, and his experience as a miner stands undisturbed. He says emphatically that he has found rich bodies of quartz bearing both gold and silver. He finds, he tells us, both brown and yellow carbonates, of free milling quartz, scattered on the surface in many places, and copper in pure nuggets as large as hens' eggs all the way from the Fort Sill country into Greer county, one copper boulder

weighing from 100 to 200 pounds. Gold and copper are found contiguous all through the Rocky mountains. Mr. Cooley, who has printed a journal or diary of his explorations and prospectings, which can be had of him, says that there is no use of going to the Klondike. As for anything farther, Cooley's conclusions as to governmental action with reference to that mountain district cannot be questioned. His demands are not only reasonable, but right.

## Another Befuddled Subscriber.

To the Editor of the Eagle:  
Will you please set me right on this century business? If Christ were living today, no one, I think, would claim he was not nineteen hundred years old.  
The Monthly Review says you can not pay a nineteen hundred dollar debt with eighteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars. We all know that, but if I agree to pay a man one dollar a year for nineteen hundred years, it will not take until 1901 to pay him.  
A SUBSCRIBER.  
Wichita, Kan., January 1, 1900.

The Eagle has, editorially, settled that century question, so far as it is capable, at least a dozen times, and the case of any reader who is not right by this time is probably hopeless. If Christ was living today he would be 1899 years and 5 days old. He would be in his 1900th year. He would not be 1900 years old. It is impossible to reach forward and pull the first year of the Twentieth century back into the last year of the Nineteenth. If our subscriber is ten years old—and he seems to be no older—he is in his eleventh year, but he will not be eleven years old until he has reached the first day of his twelfth year. The Monthly Review is right, and it would take until 1901 to pay 1900 dollars in yearly installments if the right proportion of that sum was paid at the end of every day.

One of the most lucid arguments on the subject and one which ought to appeal to the common sense of every one who believes that the twentieth century begins with the year 1900, is contained in a communication to the Chicago Times-Herald, signed Confucius, and is as follows: "Does a century end with the beginning of its one hundredth year? Does a year end with the beginning of its three hundred and sixty-fifth day? Does an hour end with the beginning of its sixtieth minute? Does a minute end with the beginning of its sixtieth second? If these questions are correctly answered in the affirmative, then we must revise all our heretofore accepted tables of time measurement so that they will read as follows:

59 completed seconds make one minute.  
59 completed minutes make one hour.  
23 completed hours make one day.  
365 completed days make one year.  
99 completed years make one century.

What, then, has become of all of the final units in each of these periods of time, as reckoned under the old tables?

The editor's temporary absence accounts for the delay of this answer.

## The Cost of the War in South Africa.

A recent dispatch from London says that "Parliament was told that \$50,000,000 would cover the expenses of the war. Now it is said by the best informed that \$500,000,000 will not pay the bill." The great distance over which the British troops have to be transported, and the necessity of sending with them practically all the supplies needed, including even the fodder for the horses and mules, furnish a partial explanation of the excessive cost of the campaign. The Boers, on the other hand, are fighting close to their base of supplies, and it is now apparent that they are far better equipped with guns and ammunition, as well as with other sinews of war, than the British authorities suspected. Kruger has been generally depicted as a phlegmatic character, stubborn and boorish, but lacking in initiative if not in intelligence. The events which followed the Jameson fiasco should have served to open the eyes of Mr. Chamberlain and his party to the fact—which was evident to others—that Kruger is far more shrewd than Cecil Rhodes or any of the Englishmen in South Africa had represented him to be. It is beginning to be understood now that the Boers have for several years been quietly preparing for the present conflict, which they knew would come sooner or later.

Even if the British arms should eventually be victorious, the people of England will be taxed severely for years to come, and, moreover, the nation has lost prestige through the numerous reverses suffered by its armies. Great Britain already has a national debt six times as large as that of the United States, and the debt per capita is nearly three times greater than that of this country.

The Countess de Chavanne, formerly a Brooklyn girl, has returned to America. She says if she can keep American girls from marrying foreign nobles she will feel she has accomplished her mission. But she can't do that.

Sir Redvers Buller is soon to be attacked by Lord Roberts in the rear. Buller has only one escape from eternal oblivion: that is, to push forward and whip the Boers within the next week and an inch of their lives.

The thing to do with resolutions introduced by Hoar, Pettigrew and men like them, the purpose of which resolutions is to aid and encourage the Tagala, is to table them and that is what is being done.

The dynamite in the South African situation is Delagoa Bay. According to the English view of it, Delagoa Bay has no right to receive any shipments that the Boers can eat, wear, smell or see.

Hitchcock, the editor of the Omaha Herald, who has slaved for Bryan, is now slaving it into him, charging William Jennings with ingratitude in defeating him for the United States senate.

Henrik Ibsen has written a new drama entitled "When We Dead Awake." We shall probably, in that day, be surprised at some of the people we will meet, and at others we do not.

Starting from New York January 20, Paderewski will set out for San Francisco, giving concerts along the way and knocking all kind of gold off steel wires.

Mr. Charles L. Fair of San Francisco gave his wife for a Christmas present a Russian sable cape, costing \$10,000. Naturally it is a warm article.

The committee's report on Roberts will probably be startling, a report of any man's three-day domestic affairs is liable to be.

Apparently Mollieux can be convicted on circumstantial evidence and the determination of his enemies to find the circumstances.

Hobson may now return safely to this country. Harb's have become as familiar as the wall-paper on a barber-shop ceiling.

In four weeks' time England will have 153,000 fighting men in the field, the Boers 50,000 and about 5,000,000 boulders.

Governor Roosevelt's handling of the trusts is the most rational proposition on that question yet put out.

There is every indication that a financial crisis is coming in Europe. It is Europe's turn.

The latest thing out at Ladysmith is not English.

## Dad and Mam.

Bixby lies at the crossing of the iron ways in the desolate West. I should not like to say how many railroad men know the place, or how wondered how they could escape from it. It is always quite pleasant to be leaving Bixby. It would be if it were not for Dad and Mam. The first time I saw Dad and Mam was when my route was changed from Omaha to Denver. I am a mail clerk and I landed at Bixby with a wait of thirty minutes, a horribly empty stomach and no visible way of filling it. "Don't they eat out this way?" I asked. The Auditor, who was in the mail car with me, said: "I should say so," said he. "If we eat anywhere we eat at Bixby." "Mam," cried I, "if there's any place to eat, please lead on." He did. We went down the unlighted front street, as like fifty other front streets I had walked down as one pea to another. "What do people mean by living here," I ruminated aloud. I was a Chicago man, and had ideas of my own about what a city should be. Auditor, who came from Peoria and hated Chicago, answered rather sourly: "There's no accounting for the dirty holes some folks like to live in." We turned down a street that was all blackness save for one flashing and welcoming glow that came from the headlight of an engine. The headlight stood before a long, low building with storm doors at the entrance and storm shut at the windows. Once behind that door, the winter had vanished, and we were in a long apartment, brightly lighted, with rough saw in a high rocker. "My family is large," she said, "but never too large to have additions made to it." A pleasant, more motherly-looking old woman I had never seen before. Her blue eyes beamed at me with a sincere offer of friendliness, and the hand I grasped had a fine firm grip to it. "This is the sort of person one can count on," I concluded, instinctively. A moment later an old man entered, carrying a bucket of coal. He had a large, kind face, too, indeed the husband and wife seemed singularly alike. I was introduced to him and he reached out a grimy hand. "Where do you live, sir?" "At Omaha." "Married?" "No." "Live with your folks?" "Yes."

"That's good. That's mighty good. Glad to see you. Hope you'll make yourself acquainted with all our boys." By this time Mam had a luncheon laid for us on a snowy tablecloth. I am a trifle fastidious about my eating, and there have been times when I nearly starved to death because I could not force down the fare I got at railway eating-houses. But this meal, though simple, was delicious, and I ate till I was actually ashamed of myself.

I talked but little; it was better than the laughter and conversation around me was like that of a home circle. Mam led it, and she seemed to know all about everybody, and to be giving every one a bit of friendly encouragement. "O, you'll soon be fixed all right," she said to a young fellow who had confessed to her that his new housekeeping was on a small scale. "When I was first married I had only one flatiron to my name, and I couldn't seem to get money enough to buy another. So I used to use it till it was cold, and then do something else till it got hot again. But it was awfully trying. Dad's shirt was so dry as bones while I was waiting for the iron to heat. But it's better now, as you see. I own six irons now." She concluded, with an accent of dry humor, "O, you're a rich woman now, Mam."

"And I've traveled," she laughed. "Don't forget that I've traveled." This appeared to be a tremendous joke, and Mam chuckled and shook over it and Dad and I both shook. The "boys" were merry over it, too, and Mam couldn't let the joke go, but cried between her fits of laughter.

Not every one has traveled, you know. It makes a difference. I don't care to associate myself with folks that have not traveled."

"We had to leave then, and as we hastened along the street, leaving the flaming headlight at our backs, and with the cordial good-bys of Dad and Mam still ringing in our ears, I asked Auditor what the joke was.

"Why," said he, "Dad and Mam Ferris have been right at that spot for sixteen years and they're institutions. All the fellows know them and tell them their troubles and go to them to be doctored and petted and encouraged. They've got so used to it that I really don't know how they would get on without the old folks. Well, one day Mam was talking to her that her new housekeeping was on a small scale. No one had ever thought of that. Mam had never been known to say anywhere. She hadn't even had time to go to church. If she had, the conductor boys in the freight cars that's taking up her time, and she never has time to say that her soul is her own. In fact, I suppose she has forgotten a long time ago that she belongs to herself. How she came to think of the exposition I don't know. But she said to one of the boys: 'A body might feel herself mighty fortunate to be able to go to that show. It must be pretty swell. It came across some of us what it would mean to her and Dad to go there and see the thing, and how surprised they would be at night when the white building was all lit up with electricity.' So Reynolds—Jim Reynolds, you know—started it. He wrote telling Dawson, the General Passenger Agent at Omaha, about the matter, and Dawson sent on transportation."

Then we chatted together and sat a new suit for Dad and new dress for Mam and Auditor and I, and all of us made a bet of five dollars each that we could get out of it if they could. They came back proud as peacocks, and kind of crushed by everybody's kindness. I saw, they cried, didn't let up we set up a lunch counter at the station. So they wiped their eyes and made a joke about it. And now all I have to do is to ask them if they have ever traveled."

We were back at our places in the mail car by this time, and I grabbed a fresh cup and began my task, but it was several minutes before I could see the directions on the envelopes with perfect clearness. Then it occurred to me that I would better follow the example of Dad and Mam, so I dried my eyes and fell to laughing.

"What's the matter with you?" said Auditor. "I was just thinking what a blistering good story that was about Dad and Mam."

"Well," said he, indignantly, "it takes me a while for me to get to the largest point, but I don't tell the reason why." The Chicago Tribune.

## Outlines of Oklahoma.

It cost Oklahoma City \$250 to care for her fourteen smallpox cases.

An attempt at Oklahoma City to raise the saloon license from \$30 to \$50 was defeated in the city council by a vote of 7 to 2.

Last Friday night Mrs. Love and Miss Taylor escaped from the insane asylum at Norman. They were overtaken at Oklahoma City and have been put back in the institution.

L. F. Lavery of the Populists, does not think the Socialists will cut much figure in Oklahoma politics this year. But they may. A number of informed politicians think they will.

If gold is found in large quantities in the Wichita mountains the name of William Cooley, the miner who has spent so much time and labor exploring the mountains, will go down in history.

When the Populist and Democratic conventions meet the Democrats are going to have a hard time to explain to the Populists why the agreement in regard to the last legislature was not carried out.

Judge Keeton thinks it was all right for the United States to acquire the Louisiana territory because it was sparsely settled. Then, what is injustice against a great many who are not in justice to a few?

It is a fact that no man has ever tramped over the Wichita mountains and seen the great seams through their red rock without a feeling that there is plenty of mineral, gold or something else, in the range.

The chances are that fusion will be effected in Oklahoma this year, but in the operation of effecting it both sides will be so crippled that a majority for their candidate for congress at the election will be out of the question.

William Cooley, the old miner whose communication on gold in the Wichita mountains appeared in yesterday's Eagle, is convinced that there is gold there. And it is hardly fair for the fellow on the outside who has never been in eye-sight of the range to dispute him.

Barney Rafferty of Tulsa, Beaver county, last week rode fifty miles to Hardesty to get an aching tooth pulled. He is the bravest man in Oklahoma. A man who will approach a dentist's office for fifty miles and still feel his tooth ache could have licked Napoleon with his right hand and held him.

The city council at Oklahoma City has granted H. Overholser a street railway franchise. The franchise covers all streets and avenues and the contractors are given a year. An attempt to secure the deposit of \$100,000 forfeited failed. Mr. Overholser says that he does not intend to build the line himself, but that he plans to go east armed with the franchise and interest capital.

A Missouri man ran away with another man's wife and went to Oklahoma City. The deserted husband appeared on the scene and was promptly arrested for carrying a revolver and fined, which was lucky for him. He then told the police about the man and his wife, and they were arrested. The wife, the Oklahoman reports, refused to return with her husband, although he was willing to take her back.

The opening of the Kiowa and Comanche country will settle the question of gold in the Wichita mountains. The Rocky mountains were so great that when the California rush was on, thousands of men were on the trail of the precious metal. But the Wichita mountains are small, and when the country is opened every foot of the rocky hills will be explored in a very few days' time.

Some time ago it was reported that George Isaacs forced his own pardon and with it secured his release from the Texas penitentiary. It was claimed that he was at large somewhere in Oklahoma. It now develops that an accomplice and not Isaacs forged the pardon. On December 22, W. J. Dent was arrested at Tucson, Arizona, on a warrant charging him with forging the pardon. Isaacs was serving a life sentence for killing Sheriff Tom McGee and it is alleged that Dent got \$10,000 for securing Isaacs' release.

Ponca City Courier: Yesterday Ben Reddick and Fred Cragin started out for a sleigh ride in the direction of Longwood township. Reddick had fastened his hussy hood to a pair of runners and had improvised a very comfortable cutter. The further they went the rougher and rockier grew the roads and in some places the road was so severely wrenched for the rig to pass through. In one of these singletrees was broken. This was patched with little trouble, but on another rocky out the projecting spindle of the axle caught on a knobby stump and snapped like a pipe stem. Here was trouble for sure, but the Anglo-Saxon determination of the boys triumphed and the journey was completed. After completing their business they started homeward by another route, but misfortune still pursued them, and by the time they reached home the outfit presented a sadly dilapidated appearance. Nothing but the barbed wire fences along the road saved them from a long walk.

## Along the Kansas Nile.

Will Trembley, one of the boys who swam the Buck-tag, is out of the city clerk of Warradito.

Senator Baker thinks that nine-tenths of the people of the United States sympathize with the Boers.

In a recent divorce petition at Caldwell one of the wife's allegations against the husband was loafing.

Claude Duval of Hutchinson is out declining to run as the fusion nominee for congress in the Seventh district.

It is told of a Texan man that the other night he took a big drink of a disinfectant instead of whiskey, and then looked at the label of the bottle and saw his mistake.

Martin Slomski, an old bachelor of forty years of age at McPherson, has been afflicted insane. He had only one hallucination—the belief that all women were stuck on him.

Probate Judge Raney of Fort Scott visited the inmates of the city jail the other day and the prisoners at once called Kingdome court and fined the judge 25 cents for breaking into their quarters.

Will White notes, and truthfully, that McKinley is an inveterate smoker, but no photograph has ever appeared showing him smoking, for the reason that McKinley throws his cigar away the minute he lights a smoke.

The fight for the appointment to the vacant judgeship at Kansas City, which appointment Governor Stanley is to make, is bitter. J. B. Campbell is the candidate of the old soldiers and J. T. Sims is the Liberal candidate. Sims is thought to have the better chance of getting it.

Reverend M. N. Butler, chairman of the State Prohibition central committee, is in a state of exasperation. He charges Governor Stanley with being a "most beastly" decorated Sunday school card who carries the saloons on one shoulder and the church on the other and walks as straight as a lightning-bolt.

Judge Simons of Fort Scott, who is original, gave a pointman from a small town near Fort Scott the minimum sentence the other day on the ground that if in a big town like Fort Scott, men can conduct joints, men who similarly violate the law in smaller towns should not be made to suffer heavy penalties.

A story the Kansas Prohibitionists tell is that "A" had a rat arrested for killing hen chicks. The man discovered his horror that the judge who was to try the case was a rat. She hunted up the prosecuting attorney hoping that she might help her in the case. His name was a rat. She hoped that the sheriff might be different, but he, too, was a rat and summoned a jury of rats.

The latest residence portion of Lawrence is known as "Chickadee." It is the first house erected there was moved from Chickadee; another portion of the town is known as "Goose Town."

**Geo. Innes & Co.**  
Two more days of the Muslim Underwear Sale, and then comes something else.  
Monday, Jan. 8, we will start a Removal and Inventory Sale.  
Watch the papers for particulars.

**NORTHWESTERN Territorial Normal School**  
Opens its Winter Term January 15, 1900.  
Enrollment for Term Just Closed 327.  
DIPLOMA—A Territorial Certificate. TUITION—Free, including music and elocution. Expenses less than at any other school in the Southwest.  
"The Young Ladies' Hall"  
just opened gives furnace-heated sitting room and bed room, both furnished, and good board, for \$2.75 PER WEEK.  
FOUR COURSES—Preparatory, Special and Two Normal.  
For further information address the President,  
JAMES E. AMENT, Alva, Okla.

**KEEPING EVERLASTINGLY AT IT...**  
—continually reaching out for more business—each season must show an increase over the previous one else we are not satisfied. We carry the largest stock and by far the best selections in  
**Chinaware, Queensware, Banquet Lamps, Cut Glass, Etc.,**  
and make lower prices than are possible for other dealers. Our Holiday trade was immense, but some goods purchased for our Holiday trade arrived after the Holidays, which means no profit for us, as every article in the entire shipment will be sold at  
**After-Holiday Prices**  
It makes lively business, fast selling and saves us carrying goods over from season to season. If you want a nice  
Dinner or Tea Set, Water Service, Chamber Set, Banquet Lamp, and hundreds of Fancy Articles at Bargain Prices now is your chance  
This is an opportunity that you can't afford to let pass you. Come in and look through our stock. An inspection of the goods and notation of prices will be the most convincing argument.  
**..China Hall..**  
J. E. CALDWELL, 130 N. Main.



"Ripans Tabules worked a wonderful change in me in a short time. In a few weeks after beginning to take them I was completely cured of a very bad case of dyspepsia and heart trouble of two years' standing. Before taking the Tabules everything I ate caused me great suffering and miserable, bad feelings. I am a Justice of the Peace in Mt. Holly, N. C."

WANTED—A case of bad health that E-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. They have been tried and found to be of no use. The case is of a man who has been suffering from dyspepsia and heart trouble for two years. He has tried all kinds of medicine and nothing has helped him. He is now in a very bad state of health and is unable to do any work. He is willing to pay a large sum of money for a cure. If you have a case like this, please write to me at once. I will be glad to hear from you. My address is J. E. Caldwell, 130 N. Main, Alva, Okla.

Another "Formerly of Kansas" man has written a book which is being widely read at present. The new writer is Mr. Harvey White, and his book is a novel entitled "Terrorism." It is based upon the author's observation of the social conditions in Kansas, and is a very interesting and well-written story. It is now being published by the Chicago publisher, and is expected to be a great success.